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PRAIRIE

THE MAGAZINE OF
R.A.F., Moose Jaw,

PUBLISHED BY KIND
PERMISSION OF
GROUP CAPTAIN
C. E. H. JAMES, M.C.



FLYER

No. 32 S. F. T. S.
Sask., Canada

COMMITTEE
CPL. T. B. JONES
LAC. J. MORTON
LAC. G. A. SUMNER
CPL. H. R. PRIESTMAN

EDITOR—LAC. E. C. G. COLLINS

VOL. 1

JANUARY, 1942

No. 5

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The Prairie Flyer is published on the 15th of each month by the personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S. (R.A.F.) at Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada, and may be purchased from the station canteens and newsstands in Moose Jaw, or by writing direct to the Prairie Flyer, No. 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw. All profits for war charities. Printed for the Publishers by The Times Company, Limited, Moose Jaw, Sask.

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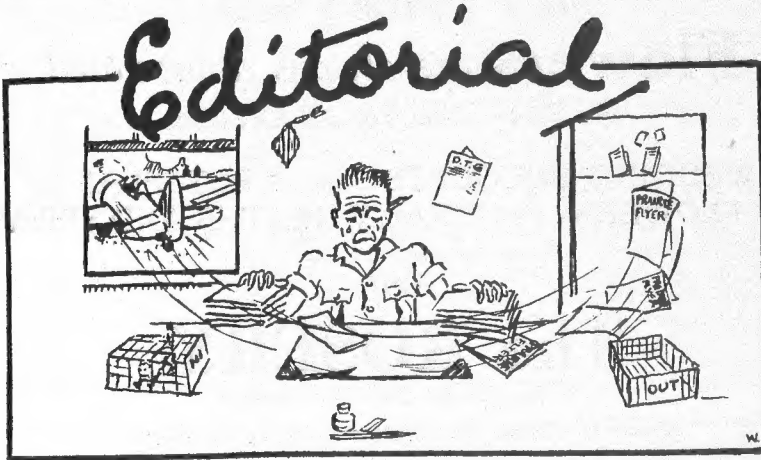
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*After Having Enjoyed Your Patronage and Company for Over a
Year, the Management of the*

**Connaught Billiard
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Beg to Wish the Entire Personnel of No. 32 S.F.T.S.

a VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS, a HAPPY NEW YEAR
and HAPPY LANDINGS



THIS being the season of the year when, more than at any other, goodwill should be abroad, there could be no better time to express appreciation of the splendid support given to the "Prairie Flyer" during its five months' existence.

Wholehearted thanks go out to readers, advertisers and contributors alike, although to the last named we would say that they have caused us many headaches when, a day or so before going to press, there has remained more than half the book to be filled. Perhaps, with the New Year approaching, they will remember us in their Resolutions!

We know that many of you are interested in the welfare of the magazine, and to these we are happy to report that sales are still far in excess of what was expected before the first number was published.

It has been our constant endeavour to make the "Prairie Flyer" more attractive with each and every succeeding issue. You are the sole judges as to whether we have been successful.

If you have any suggestions which you consider will help us to that end, please do not hesitate to put them forward. You may be assured they will receive careful consideration — as an example, we would draw your attention to a new feature in this issue, the "News Section"; this is the result of a reader's suggestion, and we believe will come to be one of the most popular features of the magazine.

And now we look to the future. If you will carry on in the New Year as you have so far, we, the Editor and Committee, will do our utmost to deserve such magnificent support.

E. C.

A Happy
Christmas and
a
Bright New Year
to All.

Words of Wisdom

Tolerance Is the Highest Virtue. Humility Comes Next.

From "The Keys of the Kingdom," by A. J. Cronin.



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The Padre's Page



We all love Christmas, with all the festivities that surround it—parties, fun and games, they all fit in so well with our ideas of this season, and we rightly try to bring some cheer and fellowship to any who would otherwise tend to be "out of it" at this time. We realize how true it is that far more satisfaction is gained through giving than through getting. Those small gifts we plan, those cards we send, that visit to a sick friend we pay—these are the sort of things we like to do.

Many of us will be away from our relatives and many of our friends—for most of you, though not in my case, this will be the second Christmas on which this has happened. We shall have sent off to them our gifts and our cards, and we shall be thinking about them very much, and missing them greatly, especially those who have wife, children or parents at home in Britain. Our friends in Moose Jaw were most kind and hospitable to everyone who was here last Christmas—we know they will be so again this time, and we are all more grateful than we can say for this.

I wonder why it is that we love to give to others, and to try to make them happier at this season? Surely it is because God gave His very best—He gave Himself—on the first Christmas Day, and was born as a little babe in the stable at Bethlehem. He did that in order to make us happy—and we shall only be truly happy when we remember this.

*"Though Christ a thousand times
In Bethlehem be born,
If He's not born in thee,
Thy soul's forlorn."*

Many people wonder how we can ever repeat the Christmas song "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, goodwill toward men," when there is no peace on earth, and when the spirit of goodwill is absent. Surely it is a great prayer for the future, an expression of a heart-felt longing on our part, when wars shall cease throughout the world, and peace and goodwill (for the two go together) really reign.

It is not God's fault that this vision of the future has not been taken seriously. We are fighting against a principle which is absolutely contrary to this, and we know that that must be defeated at all costs. We must also, at the same time, fight against everything in our nation and empire and in our own lives, which militates against peace and goodwill, and then we shall feel that, like the shepherds and the wise men, we can come together and bow ourselves in adoration before the Babe of Bethlehem. I think one of Father Andrew's little poems expresses what I have in mind as well as anything:

*"When from Thy Father's glory Thou wouldst come
To earthly hostel, men could find no room
To put Thee in, and for Thy baby head
A corner in the manger of a shed
Was all they lent Thee. When Thy Father's will
In synagogue Thou showedst, from the hill
Hard by they'd throw Thee. How unmannerly
Are we! And, Lord, with what discourtesy
My wayward will, my most distracted mind,
In my soul's littered chamber scarce can find
A corner for Thee. Still, Lord, come to me!
I treat Thee badly, yet I long for Thee."*

D. A. FOSTER.

NOTES

On Christmas Day there will be a celebration of Holy Communion at 08.30 hours. At 10.00 hours there will be a half-hour's service at which we shall sing well-known Christmas hymns. This will not be a parade service, but a voluntary service, to which a hearty invitation is extended to everyone.

Christmas

From
GROUP CAPTAIN C. E. H. JAMES, M.C.
The Commanding Officer

A Very Happy Christmas to You All.

This year has been one of steady progress thanks to the loyalty and devotion to duty shown by all ranks of No. 32 S.F.T.S.

I am taking this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of your efforts, and wish you all the Best of Luck in the New Year.

May I, on behalf of all of you, send Greetings to our friends in Moose Jaw.

From
W/Cmdr. G. L. BEST
Officer Commanding
Maintenance Wing

I would like to extend to all ranks of Maintenance Wing my Heartiest Greetings and Best Wishes for Christmas and the New Year, and my appreciation of your splendid co-operation during the past year.

Carry on the good work!

From
W/Cdr. N. E. MORRISON
A.F.C.

Chief Instructor

I wish all ranks in the Training Wing a Happy Christmas and the Best of Luck in the New Year, and thank them for their close co-operation and hard work which have concluded a successful year's training.

Greetings

**From J. W. CORMAN, K.C.
Mayor of Moose Jaw**

On behalf of the people of the City of Moose Jaw I wish the officers and men of No. 32 Service Flying Training School a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Victorious New Year.

You are all spending this holiday season far from home; we cannot, we know, take the place of absent loved ones, but do hope you will find in our little city some small compensations.

We all join in wishing you Good Luck, Godspeed and Happy Landings.

**From
S/Ldr. O. R. ORCHARD
Chief Ground Instructor**

I am glad to have this opportunity of thanking the Ground Instructional Staff for a year's very successful work and to wish to them and the pupils a Happy Christmas.

May our continued efforts help to provide Hitler with the worst of luck in the New Year.

**From
S/Ldr. A. J. S. NEGUS**

**O.C. Headquarters
Squadron**

Many of you have already sampled Canadian Christmastide hospitality—to all I recommend it. To those of you who will have to remain on the camp—we will do our best to make a success of Christmas, but we must rely on your help and good spirits to make it go.

To No. 32 S.F.T.S., R.A.F.
 WISH YOU ALL
VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS
 AND
HAPPY NEW YEAR

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AND

A HAPPY NEW YEAR



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WHOLESALE GROCERIES — FRUIT — TOBACCO — CONFECTIONERY
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Things We Want to Know . . .



Where some officers' fur hats end and their hair begins?

If a certain LAC. really did send a bottle of local beer for analysis, or did he just guess by the taste?

What is the name of the officer, in a "Marquette" car, who was stopped by a Cookhouse N.C.O. with the remark that the swill bins were ready to be taken away?

Who was the LAC. who lost his false teeth at a party, and did he lose them in the bathroom, ballroom or bedroom?

Why we do not give names to our Camp roads, like other stations?

If the Senior N.C.O.'s in Block 5 really relish breaking the ice these mornings in order to get a shave after the ducks and Drakes have completed their toilet?

Why does a certain member of the aristocracy stay in so much? Has his personality failed him at last, or does absence make the heart grow fonder?

What is the name of the Senior Officer who doesn't always say "Mr."? And is he really the champion ice-pick thrower?

Is the big "V" at the end of the D.R.O.'s placed there to fill up space so that we do not waste paper?

Is it true that a certain M.T. Corporal paid a visit to town last month, and if it is, why did the Wet Canteen remain open?

Who is the Clerk Accounts who requires so much hot water and sunshine?

What is the name of the Officer who let out a very loud yell at a recent cocktail party? And was his face red?

Are soft drinks cheaper in the Officers' Mess than they are in the Airmen's Canteen?

Which Cardinal point attracts a certain Medical N.C.O. to town in the afternoons?

Does the same N.C.O. know how and where to take "Butch's" temperature?

Do the Instructors in No. 2 Squadron think we are going to imitate Carberry's Moustache Competition?

And who sent each of the Instructors in "E" and "F" Flights a bottle of hair restorer?



Will somebody loan the Stores sufficient stockings to hang up for Xmas?

Have the Service Police been issued with Overboots?

A certain very dapper Senior N.C.O. goes out every night—shopping or to the cinema (he says). Has Cupid's arrow found a "bull"?

Now that the Sergeants' Mess has its own cooking staffs between 19.00 and 20.00 hours, are there any young females desirous of having thoroughly domesticated culinary experts for husbands and/or friends?

Was the 1st echelon's party really to celebrate the anniversary of their arrival, or was it merely to drown their sorrows?

Did George enjoy his week-end at Regina—or did he worry too much about his "dogs"?

Now that we have "Blore's Cafe", is it true that the Station Barber has a sign reading "Maison Robey"?

"Is "Insomnia" a disease peculiar to Warrant Officers, and why?

Who is the dashing young fighter pilot who owns three pairs of bedsocks—one blue, one pink, and the other with ducky little stripes? Does he wear them, or is he going to unravel them and make a pullover?

Do Officers wear their best blue shirts on Guest Nights?

And are some thinking of wearing a dickey only in future?

When is a cigar not a cigar? (Well, there's one fellow we know who doesn't know—Low feller!)

In view of the number of marriages from this station, will the C.O. consider moving Moose Jaw nearer to the airport?



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CHIK-CHAK, the Uninvited Guest



Uninvited, yes! And with a food capacity several times himself. He gate crashes your home and helps himself without even "by your leave." Again without asking, he makes himself useful about the house, but he is a little cold and shuns your advances as a rule. The uninvited guest, but very welcome.

Even if gluttonous in habit, he is a dainty little fellow; short of leg, but very swift, long and slender, pale in complexion, almost a transparent stone colour. Wisely, but rudely, he sticks out his tongue, wraps it round his food and inserts it in his mouth in haste.

His diet—insects, and in particular mosquitoes, though he will even tackle moths as large as himself. But hard-shelled beetles of whatever hue he inspects cautiously and scorns. His appetite is enormous and I will give you an example.

Ants in the tropics are hatched with wings. They fly in a swarm from the nest to establish a new home some considerable distance away. Their wings are dry and crackly, and at the end of the flight they shed these wings, becoming normal ants. Arrived one evening at a resthouse in a tropical forest, I saw a swarm of these flying ants settle on the floor. One solitary "uninvited guest" also witnessed their arrival, and dived into the middle of them. He gorged for 10 minutes so rapidly that I started to count, and I saw him consume 200 in the next twenty minutes, after which he straddled his little legs as wide as they would go, gasped for breath, and was still as stone for a couple of hours. The litter of wings was amazing.

Uninvited, perhaps, but on account of his proficiency with mosquitoes, he is so welcome that, other things being similar, one chooses a home with the largest number of such visitors.

His nationality is Malay: his name is "Chik Chak" (pronounced "Chee-chah") which is roughly the only vocabulary he has, though his variation of expression is as wide as the Lancashire "Aye". In form he is a house lizard, about four inches long, and in temper, very uncertain. He snaps and shouts at his fellow Chik-Chaks, particularly if they are both scouting the same juicy mosquito. When this happens, a free fight is com-

mon, and then the fur, or rather tails, fly. For if caught by the tail, he sheds it, and escapes none the worse, to grow another. Though running inverted on the ceiling, he is very sure-footed, but during a scrap, it is common for one or both to fall. Invariably, they land on their feet, whether the landing ground is you or the floor. After such a fall, with a thud which should flatten them, they count ten and then dart at speed for the wall.

They take no notice of humans, except to keep just out of reach. The babies, however, about 1½ inches long, are without fear and can be attracted by anything moving. To lean over the youngster and let a necklace swing gently near him is sufficient to ensure that he will jump for the necklace, without missing, which he will immediately explore for its full length, with diversions in your hair, and round your shoulders.

A lady newly arrived in Malaya went to a drawer for a spoon, without turning on the light. Putting her hand into the drawer, in the dark, she picked up something which was cold, clammy and wriggling. She screamed "Snake!" and let go, much to the relief of the chik-chak, who finds a human hand uncomfortably hot to his cold-blooded skin.

Even chik-chaks make mistakes. One dived in the dark at the end of a piece of string hanging on the kitchen wall. Having aimed well and truly, he proceeded to swallow, but unlike the succulent moth, he never reached the other end. Entering the kitchen, I saw his predicament, and untying the other end of the string, persuaded him, unwillingly, on to a pan. With pan in one hand, and string in the other, I carried him to my wife. She held the pan while I pulled the string, extracting 17 inches. Apart from a very sore throat, he was none the worse. A few gasps for breath, a look which could easily have been thanks or an imprecation and he took a standing leap of four feet to the door, whence he returned to the kitchen.

His antics are at all times interesting and amusing, and the newcomer to Malaya usually spends many hot evening hours relaxed in a wicker chair, with cold drinks (doctored) and cigarettes, watching his escapades upon the ceiling.

V.M.

The LETTER...



LAC. SNOOKS had spent a short leave in Quebec and had been back at his Unit only a few days when he received a letter from that City.

The letter was written in French, but had it been in Double Dutch or Chinese, it would have made no difference because Snooks did not know any language other than good and bad Cockney. However, he searched among his comrades and found one who knew some French, and he arranged to translate it for him that evening in the hut.

They seated themselves comfortably in a bunk and the linguist suggested he should just read the letter through to himself first. Having done this, he looked Snooks squarely in the face and remarked, "Well, I've known you some time now but I never knew you were a fellow of that type. I'm glad I found you out." With that, he threw the letter in the bunk and walked out.

Snooks couldn't make head or tail of it. He went round camp wondering what on earth the letter contained, and every time he saw his would-be interpreter, the latter would turn his head and ignore him.

He decided at last to get his Corporal to do something for him. As luck would have it, the Corporal was a bit of a linguist, especially where French was concerned, so the letter was produced and the Corporal started to read, "Mon Cheri, that means My Dear," then suddenly he stopped and said, "What on earth have you been doing? I'm absolutely disgusted with you. In fact, I'm going to pass this letter on to the Sergeant for him to deal with."

The following day LAC. Snooks was sent for by the Sergeant. In the Sergeant's office was his Corporal and his letter. "What on earth is in it?" thought Snooks—well, he'd soon find out. The Sergeant explained that he was not able to read French, but the Corporal had explained its contents and his intention was to put it before the Section Commander. "You're not a type I want with me," were the Sergeant's parting words.

Snooks left the office in a daze. What the devil could it be. Apparently, the

Corporal and the other fellow had been talking because quite a number of his comrades were actually shunning him now. If only he knew what it was all about he might know how to tackle things.

He was eventually marched before the Section Commander, who didn't mince any words. "Snooks," he said, "you're a disgrace to the Service; in fact, you're not fit to associate with decent men. I've decided to send this letter to the C.O. You'll hear more about it. Get out!"

If he only knew what was in that letter he'd be more able to size up the situation. He tried to get the original would-be interpreter and the Corporal to tell him, but they simply ignored him and walked away. What could the C.O. do anyway? They hadn't made a charge out against him, so why should he worry; but, nevertheless, that's all he was doing.

He was eventually warned to report to H.Q. and was marched before the C.O. The C.O. had the letter before him and was studying it carefully. Then he looked up, sized Snooks up and said, "I take it you know what this letter contains." "No, I don't, Sir," quickly replied Snooks. "Now I shall hear what it is all about," he thought.

"Well," the C.O. said, "I don't intend to translate it for you—it is most unsavoury. Snooks, I don't want your type under my command. I've decided to post you back to England, you're not fit to stop in Canada." The C.O. then had a whispered conversation with the S.W.O., after which he said, "You are at liberty to do what you wish in your private life, and there is nothing with which we can charge you, but we simply don't want you. Here is your letter. If you take my advice you'll burn it, forget it, and try to live it down. March him out."

Snooks moped about for some days with the letter in his possession. He would have asked someone to translate it for him if he dared, but after the C.O.'s advice, he did nothing. His posting to England came through and he found himself on the high seas once more. He was dying to ask somebody to translate the letter for him, he couldn't conjure up any reason for all this

(Continued on Page 20)

There'll Always Be an England!



Best Wishes and Season's
Greetings

TO

Officers and Personnel

OF No. 32 S.F.T.S.

From

RADIO STATION

CHAB



A Merry Christmas

to All of You
at No. 32



JOYNER'S
LIMITED



BITS and PIECES

In answer to a query in last month's "Things We Want to Know" we have to state that we are reluctantly compelled to maintain the secret of the actual identity of Mr. Ponsonby. On being asked, he said that the real reason for the pseudonym was obvious—he had no desire to be inundated with anxious requests for his address book!

Brunette: I'm Mr. Blinker's wife!

Blonde: I'm Mr. Blinker's secretary!

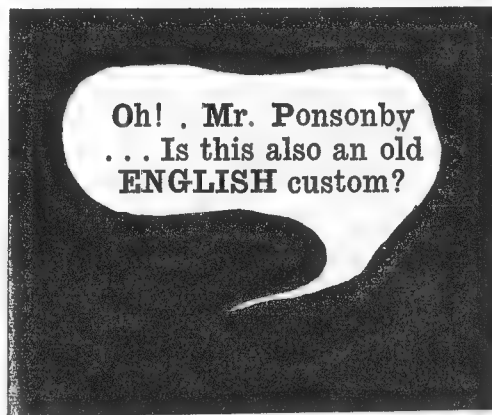
Brunette: Oh! . . . WERE you?

HEARD IN MOOSE JAW

The rising generation retires at about the same time the retiring generation rises!!

HEARD ON THE CAMP

"This is a place, this is! If you kiss a girl the first night you take her out, she thinks you're fast; if you leave it to the second night, she thinks you're slow. What the heck is a feller to do?"



HEARD IN THE BLACKOUT

Query: Why were the German army compelled to change their socks after one year of war?

Answer: Because Hitler could smell defeat!!

The game of love, says a novelist, is the same today as it was thousands of years ago. Except for the fact that diamonds have taken the place of clubs!

Erk: This dog is as intelligent as I am, let me tell you!

Li'l Gal: Well, don't tell everybody. You may want to sell it some day.

News From Home: Parliament spends hours debating whether R.A.F. officers should smoke pipes in public.

News From Moose Jaw: R.A.F. airmen spend hours debating how to get frost out of their toes after all too numerous parades.

News From Berlin: Hitler spend hours debating how to win the war.

. . . . (It's a good job somebody remembers the darned thing!—Ed.)

POPULAR SONG No. 2.

What the Scotsman said when his turn came to pay for the drinks: "Show Me the Way to Go Home!"

What the big white bear said to the little brown bear: "Amapola!"

M.O.: "I don't like the look of your wife, Mr. Ponsonby."

Erk: "Neither do I, Doc, but she's a good mother to the kids"

DEFINITION.

Cosmopolitan: A bloke who is born of a French mother and an English father, on an American ship, in Danish waters, flying the Panama flag, skippered by a Dutch captain, bound for Sweden with a cargo of Spanish onions for the Russian army!

THIS MONTH'S HOWLER

The Nattertorium is a sort of club where women meet and knit and discuss things.

The Milky Way

The following extracts from letters to the Milk Office were published recently by the *Manchester Guardian*.

"Please send me a form for supply of cheap milk as I am expecting mother."

"Please send me a form for supply of milk for having children at reduced prices."

"I posted the form by mistake before the child was properly filled in".

"I have a baby eighteen months old, thanking you for same."

"Will you send me a form for cheap milk. I have a baby two months old and did not know anything about it till a friend told me."

"I had intended coming to the Milk

Office today, but had fifteen children this morning."

"I have a child nearly two years old and looking forward to an increase in November, hoping this will suit your kind approval."

"I have a baby two years old fed entirely on cows and another four months old. Will I be able to have milk for baby as my husband finishes his night watchman's job on Thursday?"

"Sorry I have been so long in filling my form, but I have been in bed for two weeks with my baby and did not know it was running out till the milkman told me."



"Let's Talk About the Weather"

In Summer things were very nice.
 No blizzards then, or snow and ice;
 No Chinook winds so sweet and warm
 To cause the mud and slush to form.
 In shorts and shirts we used to roam,
 In shoes we strolled around the "drome";
 The topees on our heads look neat,
 And saved our topknots from the heat.
 No binding overshoes to wear;
 No "Teacosies" to mess our hair
 And make us look like perfect fools,
 (Unless we cared to ignore the rules!)
 No frostbites then to nip our ears;
 No rising ere the dawn appears;
 No tons of clothes to keep us warm;
 No noses on which icicles form!

But even so I've heard folks rave
 That many blokes would rather have
 The Winter with his icy wind
 Than Summer with its eternal bind!
 When locusts drop into one's tea;
 When flies in millions seem to be;
 When "skeeters" hang around in scores
 And bite and bite till a feller roars!
 When funny smells pervade the air,
 And typhoid germs are everywhere;
 When blokes go out in small canoes,
 And come back, dripping, with the blues.
 When others sit with girls in the Park
 And hope in vain for it to get dark!!

Yes, Canada's Summer is really sublime,
 But gimme the Winter every time!

FISH.

Mi Wurd



Ower Stashun Minser must be getting sum howers in now they ave tubes to put the meet in. Enyhow, its certainly better wen yew ave the meet on yore plate in a tite jakket and under control. Orl I hope is they dont put the Xmas Dinner frew it, else their will be no wish bones to pull. Wun thing I wood like to menshun is I ave seen the Wurks and Brikks men viewing it from various angels, and am wondering if they are thinkin of puttin a skreen rownd it when they mix the Xmas Pudden so that no wun can sea the number of threepenny bits (or shoold I say, dimes) they mite put in. On second thorts I carnt see why they dont put in threepenny bits or dimes, as it seams easy to get Appendersitis uther ways.

Evrywun is lukin forward to a briter time this year, espeshully those wot came wive the 3rd. eshellon and spent last Xmas on a boat? on the Atlantic—"Callin the Rollers" wot a game, eh!

Torking of oshuns, I suppose their are lots of presents on the way to frends on both sides of the Atlantic, as I ave sean so meny airmen busy bying orl sorts of things they woodn't arf luke funny wearin themselves; and if too cooks get in as much muddle wiv a couple of rashers as they wer wen they wer bying a couple of pares of wotever-yew-calls-em as women ware, you cood expect frills on yore brekfast bacon.

I wanted to get some Xmas cards and was tryin to fined wun wiv sum luvn

wurds on it. Arfter a couple of howers a bloke as werks at the shop told me the same as the Orderly Sargeant ses in the Corporals bar at 10 o'clock. Being orl servis minded like I urried out. Sum time later I fownd insted of Xmas cards I ad got Valentines wiv wurds that wood onely be luvly enuff to send eny S.W.O. on his wedding nite wiv best wishes from the boys.

I ope yew ave orl got over the shock of noe-ing yew can relacks from yore war effurt for 4 ole days. That will enable yew to decorate the uts if yew wish to stay in camp (under orders) wiv paper chanes, which I think shoold be the neckst ome cumfurts to be issued.

They tell me "Butch" is to be presented wiv a speshul Pen (not like the wun for airmen in a certain Beer Parlour) but wun to safeguard the uther dogs on the camp from Butch wen he is in a feroshious mood.

I wont say no mor abowt pens, as the onely pens most of yew are intrested in is wun on a table in England, which can be used to rite and tell yore Canadian frends wot a plesent voyage yew ad, and ow much yew enjoyed Canada.

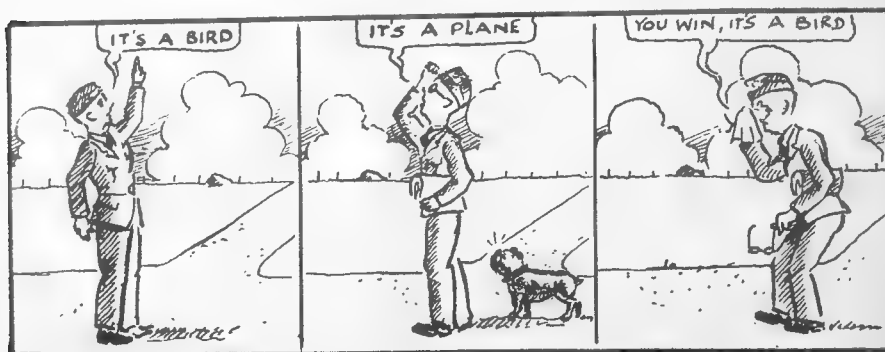
I dont suppose that will be for a day or too yet.

But never mined, Eh!

HUGH CARES.

Aviator: "I was trying to make a new record."

Farmer: Well, you did, all right. You're the first man to climb down that tree without climbing up it."



"JOE"—BY WALKER

A Glimpse of Beauty



Like a phantasy from another world
She seemed. On fairy feet she fled,
Her raven locks, a mass unfurled,
Around her radiant head.

Her merry laugh awhile rang out,
Rang out and then was still,
Her fleeting figure slowly fades,
Away on a distant hill.

But yet this fleeting glance I had,
A fleeting glimpse of youth,
And suddenly my heart was glad,
Glad I had glimpsed the truth.

The truth I saw was a heartening thing,
A thing of which I was proud:
That beauty still exists on earth,
Despite the dark war cloud.

A fleeting glimpse I had, but then,
My heart turned from its gloom,
I know now that this world of men,
Will never meet its doom.

For this world is not a world of strife,
Though strife may be its creed,
Ah, no, this world is a world of life,
Absolved from earthly greed.

Absolved from death, and the thoughts of men,
Beneath, deep in their heart,
Is a sound faith, and a sure faith,
And, what is more, a heart.

C.A.R.

THE LETTER

(Continued from Page 14)

trouble. The ship eventually reached England and a small tender came to take them off. The letter was still burning in his pocket—he'd got to a point where he had to do something. Nobody in the crew of the tender would know anything, so he'd see if someone could translate it for him—most sailors speak French. The first one he tackled said he couldn't, but the Mate on the bridge was of French extraction and could talk it like a native. "Well, I wonder if you could get him to translate this letter for me?" asked Snooks. "Sure!" was the reply. "He'd be pleased to. Come up on the bridge with me, I'll get him to do it for you. We'll be half an hour before we dock."

Snooks followed the A.B. up to the bridge. At last he'd know what all this

fuss was about. The A.B. spoke to the Mate, who called out above the wind, "That's alright, airman, always pleased to be of service to one of you boys." Snooks took out the letter and gave it to the A.B. to pass over to the Mate.

The Mate stretched out his arm to get it, but at that moment the tender lurched a little, the letter dropped and the wind carried it out to sea.

J.T.

After interviewing two ladies regarding their overdrafts, Mr. Black, manager of the local branch of W—— Bank, wrote to Head Office:

1. I let her have £10 overdraft because she was going to have a baby. I accept full responsibility.

2. This woman was previously very respectable. I called on her yesterday and found her definitely on the down grade. I shall call again tomorrow.

The Duty Twitcher

Everyone hears of those men on the ground,
Who work on the aircraft, keeping them sound,
But there's one blinking chap who very few know
Who sits all alone, on the 'drome, in the snow.

He's there in the heat of the summer as well,
With gnats and mosquitoes biting like hell,
And darned crickets chirping, grasshoppers abound,
And gophers pop up out of holes in the ground.

He stares like an owl, has the patience of Job,
His job must be surely the worst on the globe,
I've done it myself, please believe when I say
That the hairs of your head, it turns them quite grey.

The poor "Duty Twitcher" he's called by the "Erks,"
He sits on a chair, with a flag and the "Works,"
The "Works" are a pistol with cartridges blank,
A very large "Acc" and a red twitching lamp.

For a "Spit and a Draw" quite vainly he tries,
But he dare not, for once, take his gaze from the skies,
The light it is strong; it gives him a frown,
But he's got to be sure that the undercart's down.

So he sits there alone; alone on the prairie,
Which at best of all times is decidedly airy,
His eyes start to burn; his neck gets the cramp,
But there he remains, with the red twitching lamp.

A "Kite" coming in with the undercart up—
Who can it be but a careless young "Pup,"
He picks up the twitcher and looks through the sight
And "twitches" the trigger as fast as he might.

If he's lucky first time and his signal gets through
Away goes the plane, away in the blue;
But should not the red flashing warning be seen,
He hurriedly picks up the gun from the green.

He fires off the cartridge with seconds to spare,
And away goes the rocket to burst in the air;
The brilliant display is seen far and wide,
The approaching machine comes out of its glide.

The man on the chair breathes with a sigh,
As the plane once again roars up in the sky;
He's always alert and cool as cucumber,
And puts in his book the offending 'plane's number.

When duly reported in Duty P's books,
The careless young "Pup" is placed on the "Hooks;"
And so he goes on throughout all the day
Just watching and waiting, while time ticks away.

And when he's near dead with anguish and grief,
The tender drives up with the duty relief;
So next time you are weary and your heart seems to sag,
Just think of the "Erk," on the 'drome, with the flag.

J. W. G.



ON THE DROME
IN THE SNOW.



THE SUMMER
AS WELL.



STARES
LIKE AN OWL.



THE WORKS.



A SPIT AND
A DRAW



DECIDEDLY AIRY



HE TWITCHES
THE TRIGGER.



COOL AS A
CUCUMBER.



PUTS IN
HIS BOOK

THE OFFENDING
PLANE'S
NUMBER.

© Summer
1942

Life in the Sickery



We hope that Cpl. Marden is having a good time at Carberry. The staff at this hospital wish him All the Best for Christmas and the New Year.

Business with the "Needle" has slackened off of late, but we hear that the Senior "Doc" is spending many late nights devising a new "jab" which will render the recipients immune from all "hangovers". We expect big business from the direction of the Officers' Mess!

"Butch" has recently been treated by a civilian medical practitioner. What a neck!

We hope that "Blondie" is now out of "Dock" and has re-commenced his round of "Social" calls in the city.

The Senior Medical Officer has given a certain LAC. permission to purchase a ten-gallon drum of gargle, in order to prevent him wearing away the steps of the Station Hospital. Give a drop to the lads, Ernest!

In order to clear away all doubts from a certain Senior N.C.O.'s mind, may we say that "Sinusitis" is NOT knee-trouble?

Our cook now spends most of his spare time reading Cookery books, so

we anticipate that the "Sickery" will have to be extended any time now!

We like all of you to pay us a visit occasionally, but "through the window" at 3 a.m. is not quite the thing!

By the way, lads, the rumour that LAC. Minchin has been appointed Dispenser, as successor to Cpl. Evans, is entirely without foundation, so don't be afraid to come sick, please.

LAC. Ferrington is now perfectly clear as to the difference between "Mist. Expect" and "Friar's Balsam"!

If the "Pay-bob" really wants some good Sunray Treatment, we can fix him up just as soon as he likes.

We felt sorry for the airman who, when asked by the M.O. if he was "hoarse," said, "Oh, no, sir! My name is Featherby-Jackson-Jones!"

For the information of Sgt. Smith, a Medical N.C.O. is not a "Pillbasher".

We shall be open for business as usual on Christmas Day, so roll up in your thousands.

So we say "Farewell" until the New Year, and we hope that our regular customers will continue to give us their fullest support.

Nothing to Do—Almost!

The "Sergeant Major" is one who has practically nothing to do—that is, nothing to do except to decide what is to be done; tell somebody to do it; listen to reasons why it should not be done, or why it should be done by somebody else, or why it should be done in a different way; follow up to see that the thing has been done; inquire why it has not been done; follow up a second time to discover that it has been done but done incorrectly; consider how much simpler and better it would have been if he had done it himself in the first place, only to realize that such an idea would strike at the very foundation of the belief of all airmen that the "Sergeant Major" has nothing to do.

First Erk: "Did you hear about the 'kite' that went up and didn't come down again?"

Second Ditto: "Don't be daft—it must have come down sometime, the Law of Gravity would see to that."

First Erk: "That's what you think, but this was before the Law of Gravity was passed!"

A Scotsman had the misfortune to lose his hand while working at a circular saw. The hand dropped into a pile of sawdust.

"It will take hours to shift all that stuff," said the foreman. Then he had a brainwave. He threw down a half-crown on to the floor. Immediately the hand came out and grabbed the coin.

Potted Personalities—No. 5



S/Ldr. DONALD A. FOSTER, M.A., Chaplain

The Slightly Remarkable Chronicle of P/O Tumbleweed

1. STRATOSPHERICAL EVOLUTIONS



"Beer," quoth P/O Tumbleweed, extracting his visage from the depths of his tankard, "is unknown in Canada." An electrified silence came suddenly upon the company in the bar of the "Gen and Griffin", broken only by the inarticulate splutterings of a gentleman who thought such a thing sacrilegious.

"Oh, sir?" said the landlord. "I had heard tell it's drunk all over the Americas."

"My good friend," said Tumbleweed, thoughtfully wringing beer from his moustache, "they have there a strange confection resembling hydrated sewer water, which is foisted upon unsuspecting citizens who should know better. But it is not beer, though it passes as such. I have but recently returned from those parts, and I know." Upon which, he buried his face in his tankard and spoke not a word for several minutes.

The conversation in the bar swelled again, the company looking inquiringly at the bottom of Tumbleweed's tankard, which hid all that could usually be seen of his face.

"Sir," said the landlord, addressing the tankard bottom, "it wouldn't be that you flew back, like? 'Cause if so, we're all abursting to hear about it."

Emerging from behind his retreat, Tumbleweed placed his tankard upon the ground.

"As to that," he said, "talking is thirsty work, and mine's a pint, but as one who never shoots the line, I might oblige." There was a chorus of "Yes, yes."

"Well," continued Tumbleweed, frowning fiercely with his starboard eye at an inoffensive pear shaped individual, who had shouted loudly "No, no," "we took off at night on our hazardous expedition from that well-known airport, 'Elktooth'. Evil dogged us. It chanced to be a pitch dark night and some cunning fifth columnist, by a stratagem, had replaced the lights of the flarepath by a

clutch of glow-worms which happened to be in the vicinity.

"These had, of course, crawled in different directions, foxing the issue, and had it not been for the presence of mind of my navigator, Sergeant Lampoon, we should all have been foxed too."

"So you would," stated the pear shaped individual, sardonically.

"Yes," continued the narrator, ignoring the interruption, "Sergeant Lampoon, espying the Station bicycle nearby, seized it and his life in both hands, leaped upon it, and, lighting the cigar given him as a parting gift by his sweetie-pie, pedalled furiously before the aircraft as it took off. The light of the cigar acted as a peripatetic beacon and we had no difficulty in leaving the ground, taking Lampoon aboard as we passed over him."

"Phooey," remarked the pear shaped critic, "Tain't possible."

"On the contrary," replied Tumbleweed, "Sergeant Glamourpants Condensor, the wireless operator, thoughtfully attached a grapnel to the trailing aerial which, skillfully caught by Lampoon in full career, was deftly hitched to his parachute harness, and he was wound aboard."

At this stage Tumbleweed copiously refreshed himself and, like the philosopher of old, set down an empty vessel. On it being refilled, he again continued.

"Great quantities of night passed us by. As dawn broke over the grandeur of the empty ocean and the cloud rack, we were overtaken by a large spherical object of a light blue colour. Its motive power was apparently hot air. It was carefully observed by Lampoon with his sextant, and Condensor through his spectacles, and a bitter argument took place as to its nature.

"Condensor insisted that this was, in fact, the asymmetric ball of Clare. Lampoon, however, although well versed in the habits of Venus, as one should be who finds his way by the stars, knew not of Clare save as the possessor of a pair of well shaped limbs. Still less did an asymmetric ball enter into his consciousness. 'No,' stated he, 'that cannot be. It is nothing less than the sprite of a Station Warrant Officer ascending to

Heaven.' Condensor denied this loudly, asserting it to be an established fact that such skilled creators of purgatory never enjoyed that which they had so consistently denied to others on earth and the Barrack Square.

"At this stage a shower of peas gently descended from the sky. All these phenomena have never been explained.

"Considerable quantities of day now passed us by. The aircraft being left in the careful charge of George, the automatic pilot, Lampoon produced from the left hand breast pocket of his tunic three choice rare T-bone steaks with French fried potatoes, suitably embellished with lettuce, some chop suey, a large pumpkin pie, photographs of numerous poppets, several glasses of tomato juice, four trained gophers, a quantity of crumbs and R.A.F. Form 1250.

"Having partaken of the eatable parts of his collection, the crew spent the time in joviality and song, as outside further quantities of day passed by.

"Everywhere below us there were clouds, infinity of clouds, and far too much space. The earth could not be seen for bellowing cumulus, not noisy, if you understand me, but sizeable. The engines droned interminably, much to the distress of Sergeant Ramrod, the A.G., an expiano tuner, who found the constant drone in B flat a poor substitute for a delicately tuned chord in G major.

"Having exhausted the lyrical possibilities of a tattoo upon his Hispanos, he affected, to while away the time, a modification to the aircraft's exhaust pipes with the result that there floated upon the zephyrs in our wake, mellifluous strains not unlike those of an organ or the sherry-like voice of a King's Bench Judge when pronouncing the words 'Not Guilty'.

"No untoward incident befell us for many hours, until, in fact, we were

nearing the English coast."

"What happened then," asked a chorus of voices.

"This," replied Tumbleweed. "Thinking by the red, white and blue coloring of the clouds about us that we were approaching this sea-girt isle, we descended to 6,000 feet. We were confirmed in our opinion of our nearness to England as it was raining. Shortly afterwards, we saw land.

"At this moment, loud cries from Sergeant Ramrod caused us to look about us, and to our horrified gaze we saw considerable numbers of enemy fighters converging upon us. By the beatific expressions on

the faces of the pilots, it could clearly be seen that they were entranced by the sweet sounds issuing from Sergeant Ramrod's modification to the exhaust pipes and had forgotten what they were about.

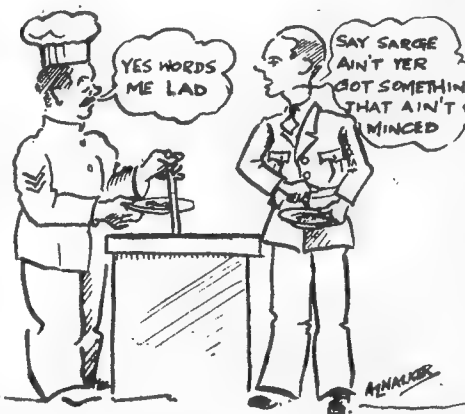
"The pilots were so bemused that they lost all interest in worldly things and Sergeant Ramrod had no difficulty in shooting several

down, Condensor making Eldrich noises the while. I, therefore, chased several of these fighter aircraft and we lost our course.

"After a time, this game palled upon us and we decided to find a place to land.

"Below us appeared a large city and in the middle of a quantity of buildings we saw what appeared to be a field adequately laid out for landing which I circuted. It was only when coming in to land, and as we were about to touch down, that we found this, in fact, was a lake, which had been cunningly camouflaged with the object of causing invading enemy aircraft who might wish to land, to ruin themselves.

"With a large splash we pancaked into the water, and on looking round,



(Continued on Page 44)

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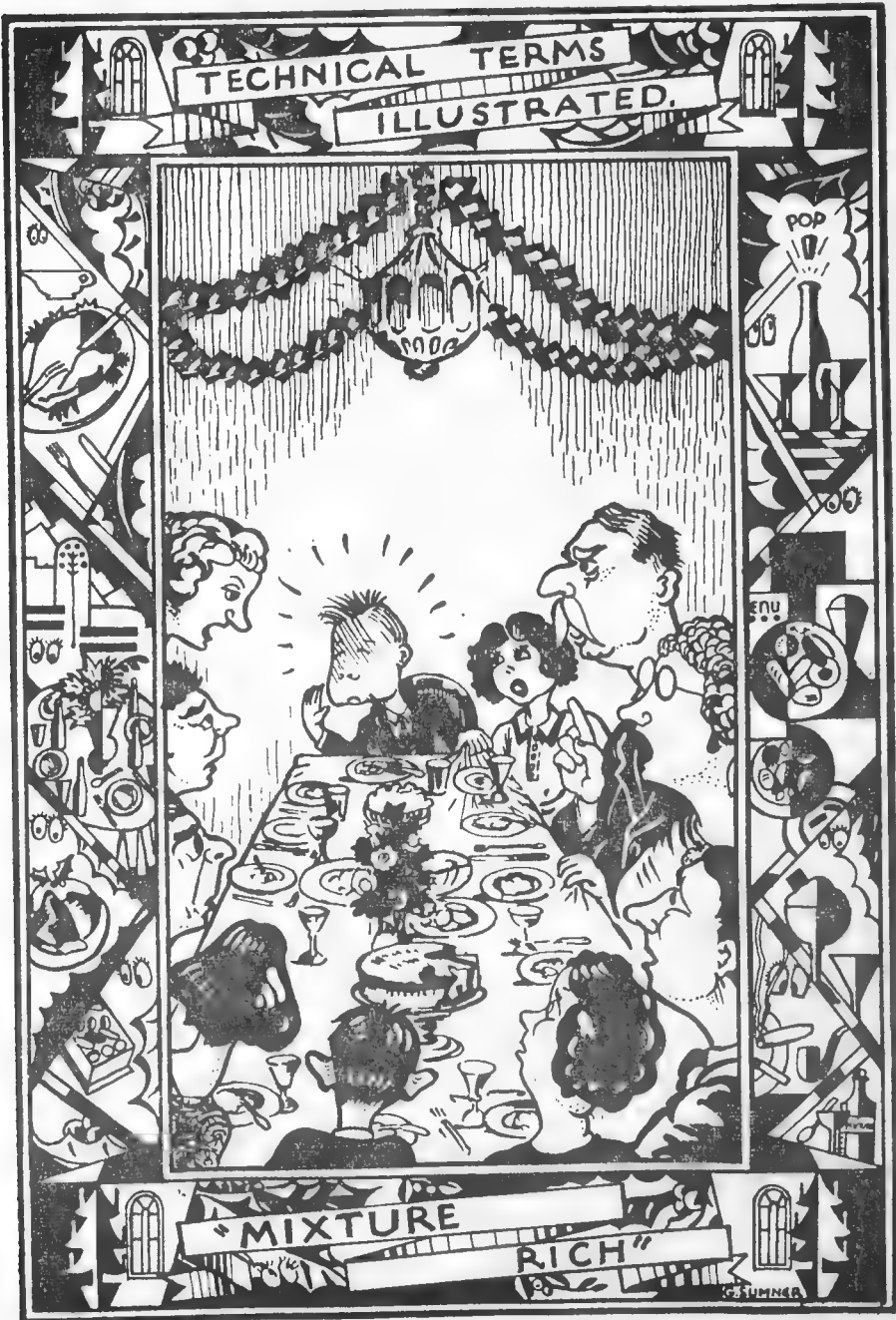
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The Chief Instructor



'Tis the voice of the C.I., I heard him declare,
He's in charge of all flying and the "man in the chair";
He checks all the programmes, and sees they are kept,
And ensures that the floors of his office are swept.

He's organised chaos to such an extent
That the charts on his walls all appear to be bent,
And the "odd" Flights they groan with an audible sigh,
'It's forty-eight hours off, so please let us lie."

His window he watches with eyes like a hawk,
If machines swing on take-off he pops like a cork—
'Take the number!" he cries, "and report it to me,"
And the outcome of swinging is a spot of C.C.

But woe to the pilot who makes the mistake
Of thinking his plane is for use as a "rake";
He surely is grounded and, take it from us,
He's not fit to drive the "old South Airport bus".

'Tis the voice of the C.I., I heard him declare,
He once took a Tiger Moth into the air
And astounded us all, as with consummate grace,
He flung all his flying rules right in our face.

"ANONYMOUS"

(With profuse apologies to the Chief Instructor and Lewis Carroll.)

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A Vicar was of the opinion that old
John, the Sexton, was neglecting certain
duties.

John, who was not wanting in wit,
strenuously denied the charge. He was
"not goin' to stand no meddlin'" with
his affairs.

"But, John", said the Vicar, "it be-
hooves everybody to mind his P's and
Q's."

"Everybody but me," retorted John,
refusing to be cornered. "P's and Q's is
now't i' my line, I've enough to do to
mind the keys and pews."

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HE FIGURED ON A NEW CAR IN THE FALL

“QUIZ”

Here is a further selection of questions for your entertainment. Answers will be found on page 36.

1. When cream is changed to butter, is the change chemical or physical?
2. Which is heavier, the avoirdupois pound or the troy pound?
3. What is the name of the best known marsupial?
4. Can you name the five Great Lakes?
5. What acid is present in the stomach?
6. How many masts has a brig?
7. What Russian city was known as St. Petersburg before the war of 1914-1918?
8. What alternative title did Shakespeare list for his play “Twelfth Night”?
9. Which is the largest peninsula?
10. Which indicates a greater length of time, biennial or bi-annual?
11. A doctor had a brother who was an airman. The airman had no brother. What relationship existed between them?
12. At how many points does the minute hand on a clock pass the hour hand?
13. How long does it take for a hen's egg to hatch?
14. What is the antonym of synonym?
15. Pewter is four parts — and one part lead. Can you name the missing word?

First Snake: “I don't feel too good.”
 Second Snake: “Serves you right. After filling up on rabbits, I don't know why you ate that dog.”

First Snake: “I felt I needed a chaser!”

“One effect of the black-out last winter was to make me take to glasses for the first time,” states a correspondent. Judging from the crowds in the public houses (beer parlours) many people have reacted this way.

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The Case-History of AC. Splodge

PART III



"I don't believe you could be more useless," said Sergeant Scrape, bitterly, "even if you were trying."

At this point Splodge dropped the pail of hot water which he was holding, a good portion of it going over the sergeant's feet and filling his shoes.

"You see what I mean?" muttered Sergeant Scrape, in the tone of one who has lost hope and accepted the inevitable.

Splodge shifted awkwardly from one foot to the other, and wondered why the man didn't lose his temper. He felt almost sorry for the sergeant; he looked as though he had just run into a brick wall and realized that, however often he ran into it, any impression that was made would be on him and not on the wall.

"You'd better go back to the Guard Room," concluded Sergeant Scrape, "and tell them that all I can suggest is that they put you on knitting socks for soldiers. And tell them to send me the most stupid man they've got, someone who wouldn't know Beethoven from a bale of hay, and then perhaps I'll get this job finished some time tonight and I can go away and cry myself to sleep."

"Oh, well," said Splodge petulantly, "if that's the way you feel about it, I'll go."

It should be explained that, having taken the week's holiday he had promised himself, Theodore was again on "jankers." Part of the fatigues carried out by defaulters (or "janker-wallahs") is the cleaning of the Headquarters building, and Scrape, as orderly sergeant of the day, was in charge of this work; whence the little episode recorded above.

It is typical of many other little episodes during the fourteen days of his punishment; and, indeed, during the whole of his subsequent career in the Air Force.

Till now, Splodge had been fortunate in the work allotted to him for his regular job; nobody had given him any. The

reason for this was that he had found a wheelbarrow.

I must confess that, at first sight, these two facts appear to be unrelated; but any reader with experience of Service life will confirm that this is not so.

When word at last seeped through to the authorities that a new batch of men had arrived on the camp, a parade was called with the object of giving them all some job to do.

As Theodore was polishing his buttons in preparation for this fateful parade, he glanced up and saw, seated on the end of his bed, a little, wizened old man shuffling a pack of playing cards. He had bright brown eyes, intelligent and faintly malicious after the manner of a monkey's, and he was regarding Theodore speculatively. He looked so much like Darwin, his pet, that Theodore could not help smiling at him.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Charlie Brown," said the monkey, in a rich Cockney accent.

"And what are you doing here?"

"Well," mused Charlie, "yer might s'y I'm waitin' ter be posted somewhere else."

"Oh," said Splodge, somewhat taken aback.

There was a brief silence.

"Watcher doin', chum?" asked Charlie, who was now performing miracles of legerdemain with his playing cards.

"I have to go on this parade."

"Don't yer believe it, chum," replied Charlie; "yer don't 'ave ter do nuffink."

"But I can't get out of it," said Splodge.

"Before yer get aht of anyfink," said Charlie, producing the ace of spades from behind his left ear, "y'ave ter get into it; an' if yer don't get into it, yer don't 'ave ter get aht."

Splodge digested this information.

"D'yer like work?" asked Charlie.

"No."

"Then don't go arahnd looking for it," he said. "Tike my tip. I've 'ad some."

There was a wealth of experience behind these last words, delivered in a pontifically solemn tone of authority.

"My advice," concluded the simian gentleman, now handling the cards furi-

THE CASE HISTORY OF AC. SPLODGE

(Continued)

ously in a sort of elongated shuffle, "my advice is, get 'old of a wheelbarrow." And he handed the pack to Splodge, who found that in the course of his shuffling he had divided it into the four suits, each in perfect order.

"I've tiken a liking to yer," added Charlie, "and I'll give yer another tip. Never pl'y cards when I'm in the game."

"It's amazing," said Theodore, "and thank you very much. But about this wheelbarrow — ?"

"You get 'old of one, that's all. Then all yer got ter do is wheel it abaht the camp; no one'll ask yer wot yer doin', no one'll know 'oo y'are or where yer come from, and everyone'll fink yer belong ter someone else. It's easy. I know a bloke 'oo done it fer eighteen mums on one station; an' when 'e was posted, d'yer know wot 'e did?"

"No," said Splodge.

"'E wheeled it strite aht past the Guard Room, all full up wiv 'is kit-bag an' stuff, strite dahn ter the station, and put it on the trine; an' at the uvver end, 'e wheeled it strite in again, an' there 'e was, all ready ter tike up where 'e left orf."

"Good show," murmured Splodge admiringly.

"Got a fag on yer, chum?" asked Charlie.

Theodore hastily produced his cigarette case.

"You don't happen to know?" he began tentatively.

"There's one ahtside the door," said Charlie, calmly drawing at the cigarette.

And so there was. It was a very nice wheelbarrow with a pneumatic tire, and

a severely functional design recalling the happy days when Le Corbusier was king. Splodge fell in love with it at once.

He hurried back to thank the invaluable Charlie Brown, but he was gone; and, in fact, Splodge never saw him again. He could never quite decide whether he had been posted away, or whether he was a visitor from the nether regions; there had certainly been something mildly satanic in his aspect, and his feats with playing cards tasted of the supernatural.

But whether Charlie Brown or Lucifer, his suggestion proved invaluable. For many weeks Splodge wandered happily about the camp, trundling his plaything before him, or occasionally, for variety, behind; now and again he would find something to put in it, a few bricks, an empty box or two, but for the most part he kept it empty; reasoning that anyone who noticed him would think he was just coming back from delivery or going to collect something.

On one occasion he was accosted by an N.C.O., who said:

"Where are you going with that barrow?"

"I'm just taking it back," replied Theodore, giving the minimum of information with the maximum of self-assurance.

"Oh," said the man, "that's all right, then."

Apart from this, nobody said a word to him for weeks on end.

Had it been anyone but Splodge, there is little doubt that he could have spent the rest of his time in the Service harmlessly occupied in wheeling his barrow, unmolested by all the powers that be; but Splodge was bound to fall.

We shall see later how he did it.

T. M.

We expect you've heard of the American who journeyed 5,000 miles to England to see the anniversary of Lady Godiva's ride through the streets of Coventry. The sole reason, he declared, was because he hadn't seen a white horse for twenty years!

Old Lady: "Here's a penny, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute?"

Panhandler: "I was like you, ma'am—always giving away vast sums to the poor and needy."

The following story was given out recently by the Ministry of Information:

At a dance hall in Oslo a German officer asked a girl if she would dance with him. She refused. "Is it because I am a German?" he asked. "No," replied the girl, "it is because I am a Norwegian."

Officer: "Where in the name of blazes d'you think you're going?"

Joe: "Be easy on me, officer, this is the first time I haven't had my wife along to tell me."

JANUARY, 1942

EVIL EYE ON CAMP

Ten Bucks a Blinker

Hut "N", Dec. 1.—Consternation—and a warning—the "evil eye" is casting its spell on the Camp. It already has the inmates of Barrack Room "N" under its power. We have every reason to believe that those falling under its spell are succumbing to its hypnotic domination. When last seen it was surveying the Barrack Room, but we have it on good authority that it spends most of its time in the vicinity of the Repair Squadron office.

"It" made its first appearance in the above barrack hut last week, and came upon the men so unexpectedly that they could only sit and stare (you won't blame them when you see it). Its lanky owner peered from behind a newspaper, through a MONOCLE, repeat MONOCLE. Yep! a certain Corporal has gone all high brow, or rather glass eye.

Quite an expensive eye window, too, rumour hath that the owner paid a ten spot for it. It is not known whether this

Flying Instructor Weds

MUX-IP RUMOUR

Moose Jaw, Nov. 29.—A popular flying instructor of No. 32 was married here today amidst great rejoicing.

We are now in a position to refute the rumour that there was a general mix-up with the wedding photographs. Misinformed circles were of the opinion that the happy couple, who were photographed at the ceremony, would be offered the proofs shortly. It was said that a large envelope duly arrived from the photographers, and was opened by eager hands. Inside were several studies of an infant, with an accompanying note—"Please state clearly which size you want—and how many."

Fortunately, all that was just a rumour—we hope.

sum included the cost of de-icing gear for 40-below weather.

MOOSE JAW AIRMEN PERTURBED

Get Unlucky Break

Supper Room, 4th Dec. 1941.

Strong feelings were voiced here to-night, when it was announced, per notice, that no more cigarettes would be sold at morning break times. Airmen were not exactly pleased, in fact they were decidedly peeved. As one spokesman pointed out, it isn't always convenient to purchase weeds at dinner hours, owing to shifts, duties, etc., not to mention waiting in dinner queues.

A "Prairie Flyer" representative, who happened to read the notice, decided to

look into the matter, with the following results.

It is said that Y.M.C.A. wallahs have been complaining of sore finger tips. They attribute this to the speed with which they serve customers, and count out change. One of the staff, bubbling over with energy, his actions like greased lightning as he flashed about his work, began, even then to flag, as if the strain imposed upon him were telling. So they want a respite.

No conclusion has yet been come to with regard to the Airmen's Union investigating the matter.

(Upon further investigation, we understand the restriction was advised by the Airmen's Canteen Committee.—Ed.)

DANCE

at

Temple Gardens

"AIR CONDITIONED"

TUESDAY - - - - - Waltz Night
 FRIDAY - - - - - Ye Olde Tyme Dance
 SATURDAY - - - - - Week End Hop

CHEERIO!

...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V

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—●—

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 AT POPULAR PRICES

—●—

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(Moose Jaw) Limited

MAIN STREET at RIVER STREET

...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V ...— V

MOOSE JAW HITS HEADLINES

Teddy Shoots a Line Home

News Flash, London, Eng., Recently.—Londoners are agog with excitement at the thrilling exploits of dare-devil "Teddy," doodler in navigation. His feats are the talk of the metropolis, newspaper headlines scream blatantly about the brave Flight Lieutenant at No. 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw.

Extract from one London paper (the "News") reads: "Flight Lieutenant — thinks little of doing 900 miles in two days along dirt and gravel tracks, averaging 50 miles per hour"—oh yeah!

"Teddy" sent home a pretty newsy letter, apparently, as the extract concludes—"but all this takes place at Moose Jaw, and we imagine it to be pretty well everything that does take place out there." We'll say it does!

Please, Flight!

Servicing, Recently.—The tale is told in this section of a man and his marriage. He sidled up to the N.C.O. i/c, blushing to the roots of his hair. He had that shy, sheepish grin on his face as he stuttered out his message. "P-p-please Flight, I-er-er can you, that is, will you, I mean—can I, will it be possible, d'you think, of course only if I can be spared. You see—well, it's like this . . . I would like—do you mind-er-please." To a stuttering halt.

Informants say that the N.C.O. took it in good grace and with remarkable patience as he gently asked the embarrassed airman to repeat his request. He did so and it eventually turned out that the airman in question wanted Friday afternoon off to see the "parson" for the purpose of getting spliced, hitched or, in other words, married.

Brave man to ask for the afternoon off—specially if it was a sudden deci-

This P.T. Business

Ulterior Motives Suspected!

(By Special Correspondent)

The virile brain of our special correspondent prompted him to look behind the scenes of the morning P.T. The "Mincing Machine" was first suspected (why, he alone knows).

Despite subtle enquiries, forceful enquiries into the cookhouse, and equally forceful exits, little could be discovered owing to the sparse bits of information dished up reluctantly, that is, dished up normally, by the cookhouse staff.

It is assumed, nevertheless, that the gyrations, convulsions and acrobatics were designed for the sole purpose of doing the needful to breakfasts which skipped the "Mincing Machine", owing to its being temporarily *hors de combat*—scoop there, folks!

We have it from reliable sources, also, that the dust-ups in the Drill Hall these mornings are to bring about a great thirst, with a subsequent quaffing of vast quantities of hitherto taboo coffee and tea.

We have, unfortunately, been unable to prove the veracity of the above assumptions, but have assigned a super mind to carry on further investigations.

STOP PRESS—

—Shipyard Correspondent.

KEEL OF "THE BOAT" JUST BEEN SWIPED STOP DON'T GIVE UP HOPE STOP BLUE PRINTS STILL AVAILABLE

sion; braver man still to take the plunge—but all our best wishes, and may all your troubles be . . . Well, anyway, good luck, and exactly how many Parsons were at the ceremony?

Salvage Party Lament



Ten little Harvards, took off in a line,
One still had his flaps down, then there were nine.

Nine little Harvards, carrying too much weight,
One could not gain height, and then there were eight.

Eight little Harvards, soaring towards heaven,
One tried an "Immelmann", and then there were seven.

Seven little Harvards, doing fancy tricks,
One lost his aircrew, and then there were six.

Six little Harvards, thought they'd like to dive,
One misjudged the altitude, and then there were five.

Five little Harvards, starting out to soar,
One climbed too steeply, and then there were four.

Four little Harvards, flying by the sea,
One ran out of gasoline, and then there were three.

Three little Harvards, feeling rather blue,
One's pilot went to sleep, and then there were two.

Two little Harvards, flying home alone,
One tried to hedge hop, and then there was one.

One little Harvard, high tailing it for home,
Forgot to give the signal when he got to the "Drome",
Forgot to watch the wind sock when circling to land,
Forgot which A.A. Battery had just been manned,
Forgot to let his "carriage" down, or so I understand,
Yet came in nice and safely,—AIN'T LIFE GRAND!

A.W.D. - C.A.R.

Answers to Quiz on Page 29

1. Physical.
2. Avoirdupois pound.
3. Kangaroo.
4. Michigan, Superior, Erie, Ontario, Huron.
5. Hydrochloric Acid.
6. Two.
7. Leningrad.
8. "What you will".
9. Scandinavia.
10. Biennial—every two years.
11. The doctor was the airman's sister.
12. Eleven.
13. Approximately 21 days.
14. Antonym.
15. Tin.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 4

C	O	N	S	I	D	E	R	A	T	E
B	E	I	A	R						
S	O	F	A	R	S	P	A	S		
E	E	L	B	E	E	L	I	T		
T	S	A	R	C	P	A	L	E		
T	V	I	C	T	O	R	Y	L		
L	I	O	N	O	O	P	A	L		
E	M	U	E	R	A	E	V	A		
D	A	R	T	I	O	N	E	R		
G	O	E	U	R						
N	E	C	E	S	S	I	T	A	T	E

The prize of \$1.00 for the first correct solution opened has been awarded to:

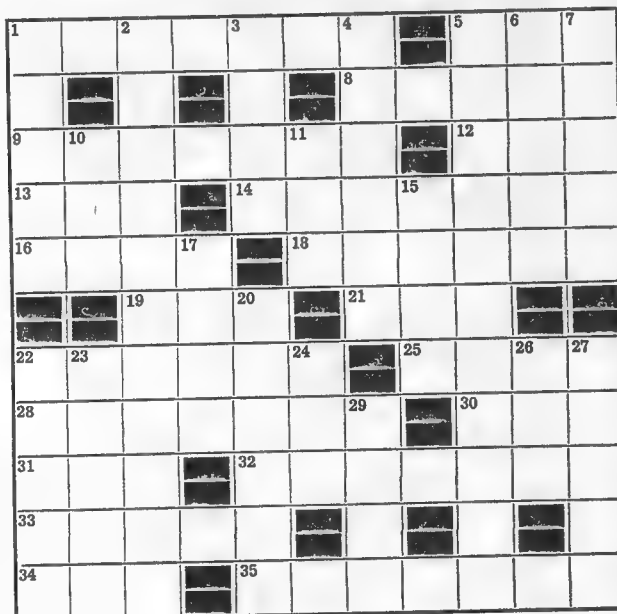
MARGARET McKENNA
627 Pasqua St. East
Moose Jaw, Sask.

Crossword Competition No. 5

The Editor offers a prize of \$1.00 to the sender of the first correct solution opened. Send your entry to arrive before 31st December, 1941.

"The Prairie Flyer,"
No. 32 S.F.T.S.,
Moose Jaw.

marking the envelope "X-word."



Clues Across

1. Support this 7 down and I will appreciate it.
5. The majority of the supporters of 1 across and 7 down are in this.
8. Seen on the sea.
9. If a certain lubricating material were kept in the same sort of container as water, would the receptacle be known as this? (two words).
12. Plaything.
13. This angle makes a figure.
14. Most boys felt this at school (two words).
16. Places.
18. Shouter.
19. Animal.
21. French month.
22. See 26 down.
25. Stings.
28. Net.
30. Beverage.
31. This ten isn't good.
32. The first letter of this is also the this letter of it.
33. Prevent.
34. This if you agree.
35. One who longs.

Clues Down

1. Conspires.
2. "Steal a litre" (anagram).
3. Disorderly retreat.
4. Regard.
5. "Train ate oil" (anagram).
6. Just one.
7. See 1 across.
10. Wrath.
11. Possessive.
15. Talon.
17. Float.
20. All true Britons should feel this towards Hitler.
22. Get lost.
23. Demonstrate.
24. 5 across information.
26. This son gives you the clue for 22 across.
27. Whiter.
29. South American port.

NAME

ADDRESS

Another Hit!



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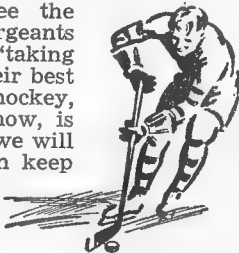
9-41

SPORTS CHATTER



Will he win or will he? No — he's far too wee yet, and Chinook has him on the run, but not for long. Old Man Frost will be back again, and this time he will be keener than ever to knock 'em cold and freeze 'em stiff. That's no idle chatter; neither is it a prophecy from old Moore's Almanac. It's as sure as the fact that one team from the Station won't be placed lower than the middle rung of the Moose Jaw Commercial Ice Hockey League. With only six teams, and three of them from "32", you can see that this is no chance forecast. It's a certainty and, with the aid of a good "Cheerleader" (any volunteers?) and the distraction of a few Harvards diving on opponents about to shoot, we might even corner some points from home games.

By the time these notes appear in print we may have played our first games—scheduled for December 11. All we need is the ice and then we will see the Officers, the Sergeants and the Airmen "taking off" and doing their best to "stick it." Ice hockey, as most of us know, is no polite art and we will do well if we can keep our heads and our feet in the proper sphere.



There is an unbounded enthusiasm to get cracking and we are doing all we can to provide the facilities. For players, we are at liberty to draw on the total strength of the Station at any time, provided that once a player is committed for one team he will not be eligible to play for another. With such scope, it is hoped that all reasonably good players will have the chance to play for their respective teams. At a later date we intend to organize an inter-section knockout tournament for the City of Moose Jaw Challenge Trophy, and this should embrace all players on the Station.

The posting of F/Lt. Thompson has deprived us of one of the most enthusiastic workers on our rink. He devoted a great deal of time and labour in preparation. At present, we are rather badly

placed with the weather, but our good friend Mr. George Wallace, Superintendent of Recreation in Moose Jaw, assures us that come the frost and we will have a "wizard" rink. We are greatly indebted to him for the services which he so willingly and freely renders.

We are doing what we can to make the most of our chances to further our knowledge of the game. We had a splendid blackboard talk on the rules, etc., of Ice Hockey from Mr. Bob Kennedy, ex-player, and now coach and referee. He stressed the value of teamwork and clean play. Skill in stick-handling; the making of position to provide scoring chances; and solid marking in defence are the main points in good hockey, and this, he said, could only be attained by real team work. We know, from our own practical experience, as Soccer exponents, what can be achieved by passing, and if we adopt this principle in our efforts to master hockey we won't be on thin ice. The informal discussion which followed Mr. Kennedy's talk was very illuminating



**For Throat Easy
Mildness — Smoke**

**Buckingham
Cigarettes**

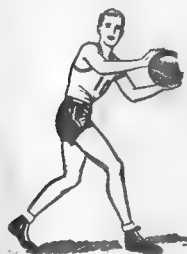
Sports Chatter

(Continued)

and clarified many points on which doubt existed. Mr. Reginald West, President of the Canuck Juniors, who accompanied Mr. Kennedy, promised the wholehearted support of the hockey people in town. We are endeavoring to arrange further talks on sport.

To the management of the "Millers" we say "Thank You". They granted us reduced admission rates for the hockey matches. Concession tickets will be on sale, on the Station, in good time before each game. We also have reduced price tickets for the Canuck Juniors' games. Uniformed personnel may purchase these at 25c each, instead of 35c. These tickets are available at any time for any one game.

The Badminton Singles tournament winner is Lt. F. M. Winch, R.C.A.S.C. He defeated AC. Pitt in the final. Some people may ask what happened to F/Lt. Hibberd. Well, we made the draw when he was incapacitated. This seemed the only way we could eliminate him. He has challenged the winner to a duel. The shuttlecock game is being very well patronized these days. A double scratch "tourney" looks attractive, but we would require to have a random ballot for partners. If we are allowed choice of pairs then there must be handicaps, but we have no real guide as to the contrasts in playing skill.



Basketball is still going strong. We are almost at the half-way mark with Miscellaneous nominal leaders, S. H. Q., however, are the "Bas-

keteers" as, so far, they are the only team which has not conceded a point. The League table, made up to December 6th, is appended. The new set-up has made for improved play; but there are still too many people indulging in a cross between Rugby Football and Putting the Shot. Some of the "veterans" feel that the court is too long, but what they mean is that their wind is short. There is a cure for this which we can thoroughly recommend. It is a real knock-out.

What about the Boxing classes—a kill or cure for all ailments. These are being held in the Station Cinema every Monday and Thursday at 17.15 hours. We should like to see a larger attendance. Mossbank have issued a challenge, but we've a long way to go before we can attempt a contest. The R.A.F. is famed for its standard of boxing. We require the assistance of experienced coaches or ex-boxers to help raise the standard for "32". Anyone interested should contact the Sports Officer. Permission has been granted to erect showers and a dressing room in the Drill Hall. This should prove a boon to all who wish to train regularly.

Now that the Officers have the City of Moose Jaw Trophy, they mean business. They have appointed F/Lt. Shead as their Sports Officer.

As this is the last issue before Xmas and the New Year we feel it appropriate to reflect on our past performances. To those with whom we have associated we desire to express our thanks for the wholehearted manner in which help has been given



(Continued on Page 44)

Station Basketball League

	P.	W.	D.	L.	For	Against	Points
Miscellaneous	7	6	1	0	155	48	13
S.H.Q.	6	6	0	0	154	49	12
Repairs	6	4	0	2	106	50	8
Airmen's Mess	6	3	1	2	72	80	7
Linky Dinks	5	3	0	2	58	54	6
E. & F. Flights	7	3	0	4	78	81	6
Majors	6	2	1	3	90	108	5
C. & D. Flights	5	2	0	3	38	40	4
Blotters	7	2	0	5	69	91	4
Penpushers	5	2	0	3	28	89	4
Accounts	6	2	0	4	41	100	4
Stores	7	1	1	5	72	83	3
Minors	5	1	0	4	17	85	2

MISCELLANEOUS SOCCER TEAM
(Undeclared League Champions and Cup Winners)



(Back Row): AC. Groves, L/AC Mackie, L/AC Davis, L/AC Lafford and L/AC Harker
(Front Row): L/AC Cameron, Cpl. Andrew, L/AC Thurgood, L/AC Mercer, L/AC Yarker and L/AC Paterson.



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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The Y.M.C.A. extends to the Officers and Airmen of No. 32 Service Flying Training School its Very Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year.

**Motion Picture Equipment**

Those who have attended the "Flicks" on the Camp recently have noticed several improvements. This has been due in part to the acquisition of a different type of projector which is now in use. The new machine is a Victor. It is especially good in the reproduction of sound and tone. Other features are a 2½-inch lens and film gate. The speaker is of the 12-inch type and renders very good service.

The recently acquired microphone and record player stays with and fits the new projector. With this addition to our equipment, additional good performance is assured.

Something should be said at this time about sound in general as it relates itself to the 16 mm. film. The experience of those who show pictures in Recreation Halls throughout Canada is that these buildings are not the best places to get good sound effects. Much has been done to overcome the difficulties, but all the troubles in sound reproduction do not lie in the buildings or in the projectors, but often in the film itself.

When war was declared and the four National Auxiliary Service Organizations began to do war service work here

and overseas, a great demand arose for movie entertainment, with the result that the 16 mm. field was overtaxed. All available film programmes were put into use and then there were not enough to go round, so that more films had to be released to this field from that of the 35mm. This means that more recent good pictures are at our disposal.

When poor sound is experienced at the showing of our Station Movies it is usually due in a large part to the condition and age of the film. Our machine will reproduce what is on the film but it will not reproduce that which is not there.

While we are on the matter of films, a word would not be amiss about the changing of the reels. The evening movie programme usually comes in three or four parts. This necessitates at least two or three stops, as the case may be, in order to change reels. These very short breaks are not a serious matter. With quick and efficient hands at work during the changing of reels, no large amount of time is lost and no one minds the short pause.

The Y.M.C.A. wishes to register here its appreciation of the way in which the airmen on this Station have supported the "Flicks". Thanks, Fellows!

ERIC WALLING, Y.M.C.A. Supervisor

Y.M.C.A. MOTION PICTURE SCHEDULE

FROM DECEMBER 16TH TO JANUARY 9TH

Tuesday, December 16—"THERE'S THAT WOMAN NOW".

Friday, December 19—"LUCKY PARTNERS".

Sunday, December 21—"TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND"—Starring: Jack Benny, Gene Raymond and Nancy Carroll.

Tuesday, December 23—"TWO BRIGHT BOYS"—Starring: Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper.

Friday, December 26—"RED LIGHTS AHEAD"—Starring: Andy Clyde and Lucille Gleason.

Sunday, December 28—"HITTING A NEW HIGH"—Starring: Lily Pons and Jack Oakie.

Tuesday, December 30—"ADVENTURE IN DIAMONDS"—Starring: George Brent, Nigel Bruce, John Loder and Isa Miranda.

Friday, January 2—"HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"—Starring: Charles Laughton and Cedric Hardwicke.

Sunday, January 4—To be announced.

Tuesday, January 6—To be announced.

Friday, January 9—"TO THE VICTOR"—Starring: Will Fyfe and John Loder.

At the time of going to press a complete schedule is not to hand. Details of the missing programmes will be announced nearer the day, in Y.M.C.A. buildings.

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134 Main St.

Sports Chatter

(Continued from Page 40)

and to express our appreciation for the sporting contests provided by contestants. Our Group Captain said, "Soccer has brought us nearer to the people of Moose Jaw than anything else." With them as with other peoples of the British Empire we are charged with a common trust to maintain the traditions of British Sportsmanship. It's not what we won but how we played the game. We at "32" will do our utmost to further that spirit of goodwill and good fellowship which can only prosper when we "Play the Game".

A. CARSWELL.

THE SLIGHTLY REMARKABLE
CHRONICLE OF P/O
TUMBLEWEED

(Continued from Page 25)

found we were floating on the Serpentine in London Town, as we recognized several ducks floating near us. Luckily we had all brought our water wings with us, and it was the work of a moment to inflate these and paddle our way to shore, where we were hospitably entertained by the inhabitants.

"That," said P/O Tumbleweed, unsteadily rising to his feet, and meandering towards the door, "is the true history of my recent journey from Canada, and I only trust that if any of you ever journey that way yourselves you will have as uneventful a trip as we did."

The door closed behind him and he passed out into the night.

F.S.S.

"NO REGRETS"

Have you ever taken seven short hours
From a lifetime, without regret;
And built of them a memory
Too precious to forget?

Seven hours that passed too quickly
In the heaven that was your arms.
Tasting the joys of your nearness—
Knowing the thrill of your charms.

It wasn't much to ask, you said,
To grant us one night of love.
But now I hear the laughter
Of the gods drifting down from above.

I wonder who'll pay the most, my dear,
For those stolen hours of bliss?
When we counted the world well lost
for love.

I wonder—have you forgotten all this?

I wish that I could hate you,
For the spark in my heart you're fired,
But tonight I have no emotion left—
I'm only so very tired.

I've lived and laughed and loved and
lost,
Without one small regret;
To me it is still a memory
Too precious to forget.

GWEN.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a
Scot were having a glass of beer, when
three flies flew, one into each glass.

The Englishman, being a gentleman,
spooned his out.

The Irishman fingered his out.

The Scot wrung his out!